

THE SCVLLER,

Rowing from TIBER to THAMES
with his Boate laden with a hotch-potch,
or Gallimawfry of Sonnets, Satyres,
and Epigrams.

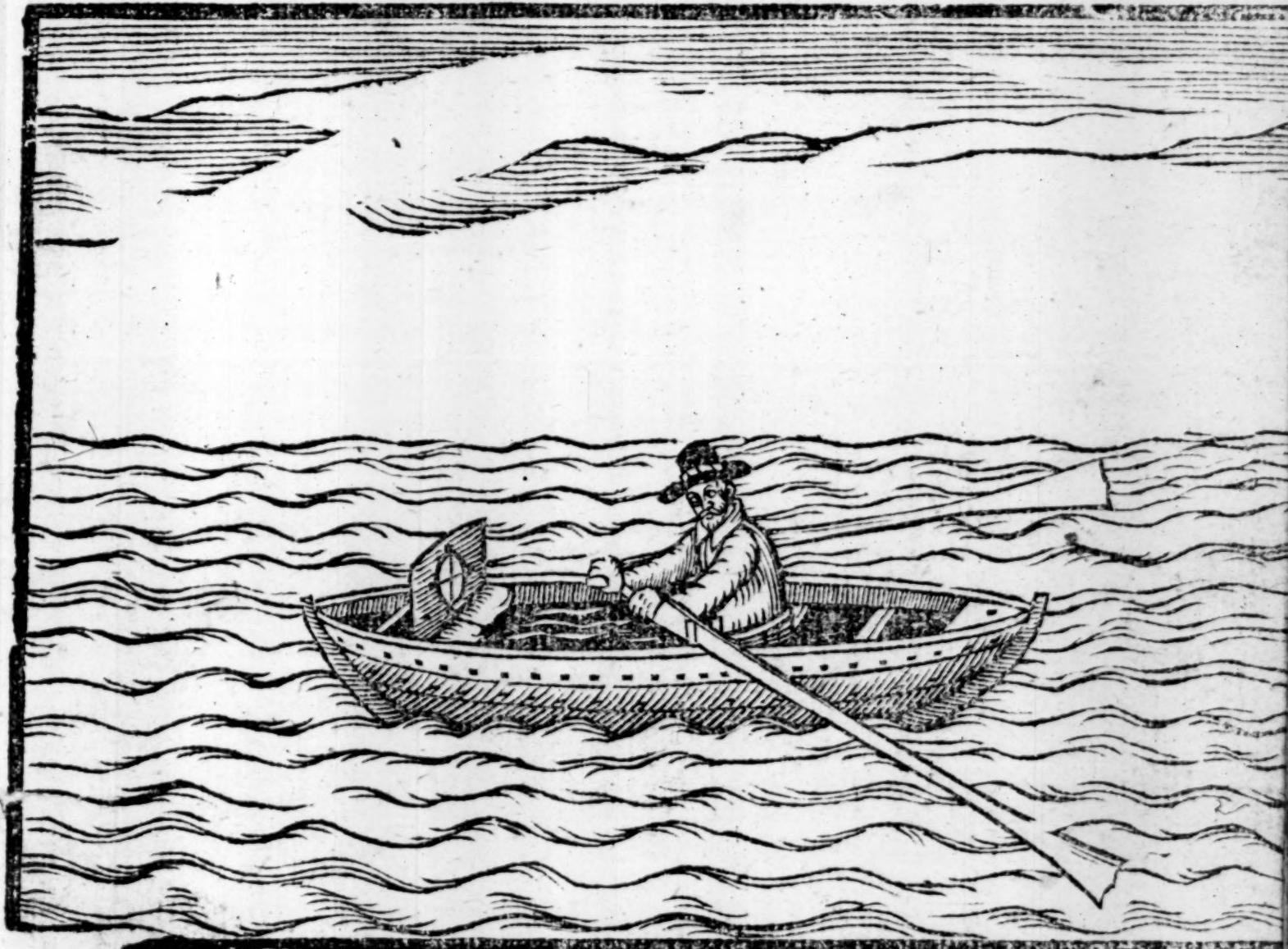
B.H.13.

With an addition of Pasto-

rall Equiuocques or the complaint
of a Shepheard.

By JOHN TAYLOR.

Sum primus homo, Vis ire necum Remis? Est mihi proxima cimba.



Read, and then judge.

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TO THE RIGHT WOR-
shipfull and worthy faouurer of lear-
ning, my singular good Maister, Sir W I L-
LIAM W A A D Knight, Liefetenant of his M^{tis}
*Tower of London, your poore seruant John Tay-
lor, consecrates this his first Inuention:*
wishing You, and Yours, all happines
temporall and eternall.

S Such is the course of this inconstant life,
I In which we mortall creatures draw our breath :
R Reason is ruldy Rage, and Peace by Strife,
W Wit is a slau to Will, and Life to Death.
I I in these fickle, fleeting, fading times,
L Live and enjoy the bounty of your fauors,
L Let me I pray', and my unworthy rimes,
I Intreat your kinde protection of my labors.
A As in a storme the Sheepe to shelters runne,
M My Muse unto your Patronage doth flye,
W Whereas she hopes all Enuies stormes to shunne,
A And line despight of scandals callumie.
A All my endeauours then shall me perswade,
D Dreadles that I through greater streames will wade.

Your humble seruant most obsequious
JOHN TAYLOR.

To the right worshipfull and my euer respected,
Mr. JOHN MORAY Esquire.

O Fall the wonders this vile world includes,
I muse how flattery such high fauors gaine !
How adulation cunningly deludes
Both high and lowe, from Scepter to the Swaynes :
But yet if thou by flattery couldst obtaine
More then the most that is possest by men,
Thou canst not tune thy tongue to falshoods straine,
Yet with the best canst vse both tongue and pen.
Thy sacred learning can both scan and ken
The hidden things of Nature, and of Art,
Tis thou hast raisd me from obliuions den,
And made my Muse from obscure sleepe to start.
Vnto thy wisdomes censure I commit,
This first borne issue of my worthles wit.

I T.

To my deere respected friend Mr.
Beniamin Johnson.

T Hou canst not dye, for though the stroake of death
Depriues the world of thy worst earthly part :
Yet when thy corps hath banished thy breath,
Thy liuing Muse shall still declare thy Art.
The fatall Sisters and the blessed Graces,
Were all thy friends at thy nativity :
And in thy minde the Muses tooke their places,
Adoring thee with rare capacite .
And all the Worthies of this worthy land,
Admires thy wondrous all admired worth,
Then how should I that cannot understand
Thy worth, thy worthy worthinesse set forth.
Yet beare the boldnesse of the honest Sculler,
Whose worthlesse praise can fill thy praise no fuller.

I. T.
To

To my louing friend JOHN TAYLOR.

Could my vnpractis'd Pen aduance thy name,
Thou shouldest be seated on the wings of Faine.
For from thy toylesome Oare I wonder I,
How thy inuention flowes so iocundly!
Not hauing dreamd on faire *Pernassus* Hill,
With fruitfull numbers to inrich thy Quill.
Nor hauing washt in that Pegassion Fount,
Which lends the wits such nimblenes to mount,
VVith tickling rapture, on poetique straines,
On Thames the Muses floate that fills thy braines.
Thy happy wit producde thy happy rimes,
VVhich shall commend thee vnto after times.
And worthily enrole thy name mongst those,
VWhose Temples are begirt with Lawrell bowes.
For, (sooth to say) a worke I saw not yet,
Lesse helpt with learning and more grac'd with wit.
Then spight of Enuy, and Detractions scorne,
Though Art thou wantst, thou art a Poet borne :
And as a friend for names sake, Ile say thus,
Nec scombros metuentia, Carmina nec Thus.

Henry Taylor.

To the one and onely water-Poet and my friend
John Taylor.

Fresh water Soldiers saile in thallow streames,
And mile-end Captaines venture not their liues :
A braine distempred brings forth idle dreames,
And guilded Sheathes haue sildoine golden Kniues .
And painted faces none but fooles bewitch:
Thy Muse is plaine; but witty, faire, and rich.

VWher

When thou didst first to Agganippe floate,
Without thy knowledge (as I surely thinke)
The Nayades did swim about thy boate
And brought thee brauely, to the Muses brink.
Where Grace, and Nature filling vp thy Fountaine,
Thy muse came flowing from Pernassus Mountaine.
So long may flowe as is to thee most fit,
The boundles Ocean, of a Poets wit.

I P.

In laudem Authoris.

Wⁱt, Reason, Grace, Religion, Nature, Zeale,
Wrought all together in thy working braine,
And to thy worke did set this certaine seale,
Pure is the cullor that will take no staine.
What need I praise, the worke it selfe doth praise:
In words, in worth, in forme, and matter to,
A world of wits are working many waies,
But few haue done, that thou dost truly doe;
Was never Taylor shapd so fit a Coate,
Vnto the corps of any earthly creature,
As thou hast made for that soule Romish Goate,
In true discription of his deuillish nature.
Besides, such matter of iudicious wit,
With queint conceits so fitting euery fancy,
As well may proue, who scornes and spights at it,
Shall either shew their folly or their franzie.
Then let the Popes Bulls roare, bell, booke and candle,
In all the Deuills circuit sound thy curse:
Whilst thou with truth dost euery tryall handle,
God blesse thy worke and thou art nere the worse.
And while Hells friends their hatefull foe doe proue thee
The Saints on earth, and God in heauen will loue thee.

Thy louing friend Nicholas Bretton.

W^ehen Tybers siluer wanes their Chanell leave,
And louely Thames, hir wonted course forsake,
Then foule oblivion shall thy name bereave,
Drenching thy glory in her hell-bred lake,

But

But till that time this scourge of Popery:
Shall Crowne thy fame with immortallity.

Thy friend assured Maximilian Waad.

To my louing friend John Taylor.

Ferris gaue cause of vulgar wonderment,
When vnto Bristow in a Boate he went :
Another with his Sculler ventered more,
That Row'd to Flushing from our English shoare.
Another did deuise a wooden Whale,
Which vnto Callice, did from Douer saile,
Another, with his Oares and slender Wherry,
From London vnto Antwerpe o're did ferry.
Another, maugre fickle fortunes teeth,
Rowed hence to Scotland, and ariu'd at Leath.
But thou hast made all these but triuall things,
That from the Tower thy watry Sculler brings
To Hellicon: most sacred in account,
And so arriued at Pernassus Mount :
And backe returnd laden with Poets wit,
With all the muses hands to witnesse it :
Who on their Sculler doth this praise bestowe,
Not such another on the Thames doth rowe.

Thy louing friend SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

To my friend both by water and land
JOHN TAYLOR.

Oft haſt thou traueld for me at thy Oare,
But neuer in this kind didſt toyle before.
To turne a Poet in this peenifh tyme,
Is held as rare as I ſhould write in rime,
For one of thy profession, yet thy Art,
Surpasseth mine: this ſerves to paint that part,

I meane thy Poetry which in thee lurkes,
And not thy sweating skill in water workes.
I cannot but commend thy Booke, and say
Thou merritst more then common Scullers pay:
Then whistle off thy Muse, and give her scope,
That she may soundly cease vpon the Pope:
For well I see that he and many more,
Are dar'de by her (which scarce was done before)
Proceed (good Iohn) and when th'ast done this worke,
Feare not to venter trussing of the Turke.
I like thy vaine, I loue thee for those gifts
Of Nature in thee, far aboue the shiffts
That others secke plodding for what they pen,
Wit workes in thee, Learning in other men,
Thou native language we haue done thee wrong,
To say th'art not compleat, wanting the tongne
Cald Latine, for heere's one shall end the strife,
That never learned Latine word iu's life.
Then to conclude, I truly must confesse,
Many haue more bene taught, but learned leſſe.

Thy assured friend R. B.

To my lōning friend I O H N T A Y L O R.

Some say kinde Iacke thou art a Poet borne,
And none by Art; which thou maist iustly scorne:
For if without thy name they had but seene
Thy lines, thy lines had artificiall beene.
Opinion carries with it such a curse,
Although thy name makes not thy verse the worse.
If then this worke, variety affords
Of Tropes, of Figures, Epethets and words,
With no harsh accent, and with iudgement too,
I pray what more can Art or Nature doo?
So that in thee thy Genius doth impart,
To Artificiall Nature, Naturall Art.

Thy old assured friend I o : M O R A Y.

To

Prologue to the R E A D E R.

Good gentle Reader, if I doe transgresse,
I know you know, that I did ne're professe,
Vntill this time in Print to be a Poet:
And now to exercise my wits I show it.
View but the intralls of this little Booke,
And thou wilt say that I some paines hauetooke:
Paines mixt with pleasure, pleasure ioynd with
Produc'd this issue of my laboring braine. (paine,
But now me thinkes I heare some enuious throat,
Say I should deale no further then my Boat:
And ply my Fare, and leaue my Epigram,
Minding, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.
To such I answere, Fortune giues her gifts,
Some downe she throwes, & some to honor lifts:
Mongst whome from me, she hath with held her
And giues me leaue to sweat it at my Oare, (store
And though with labour I my liuing purse,
Yet doe I thinke my lines no iot the worse:
For gold is gold, though buried vnder mosse,
And drosse in golden vessels is but drosse.

John Taylor.

To Tom Coriet.

What matters for the place I first came from,
I am no Dumcecomb, Coxcombe, Odcombe Tom
Nor am I like a Wooll-packe, crammed with Greeke,
Venus in Venice minded to goe seeke:
And at my backe returne to write a volume,
In memory of my wits Gargantua Colume.

B.

The

The choyseſt wits would never ſo adore me,
Nor like ſo many Lackies runne before me:
But honest Tom, I enuy not thy ſtate,
Theres nothing in thee worthy of my hate:
Yet I confeſſe thou haſt an exceilent wit:
But that an idle braine doth harbor it.
Foole thou iſt at the Court, I on the Thames,
So farwell Odcomb Tom, God blesſe King Iames.

The Author in his owne defence.

There is a crew of euer carping ſpirits,
Who merrit nothing good, yet hate good merits:
One wrings his Lawes awry, and then cries new,
And that I ſtole my lines hee le plainly ſhew.
Thou addle headed Aſſe, thy braines are muddy,
Thy witles wit, vncapable of ſtuddy,
Deemſt each inuention barren like to thine,
And what thou canſt not mend thou wilt repine.
Loe thus to wanering Cenſures torturing Racke,
With truth and confidence my Muſe doth packe.
Let Zoylus and let Momus doe their worſt,
Let Enuy and Detraction ſwell and burſt:
In ſpight of ſpight, and rankerous diſdaine,
In ſcorne of any carping Criticks braine,
Like to a Poaſt Ile runne through thicke and thin,
To ſcourge iniquity and ſpurregall ſin.
You worthy fauorites of wiſdomes lore,
Onely your fauors doth my Muſe implore:
If your good ſtomackes theſe harsh lines diſgēſt,
I careles bid a riſh for all the reſt.
My lines first parents (be they good or ill)
Was my unlearned braine, and barren quill.

To



To the whole kennell of Anti-
Christs bounds, Priests, friers, monks,
and Iesuits, mastiffs, mongrells, Islands,
Spanniells, blood-hounds, bobtaile-
tike, or foysting-hound: the Sculler
sends greeting.

Epigram 1.

CUrse, exorcize, with beads, with booke, & bell
Poluted shauelings: rage and doe your worst:
Vse coniurations till your bellies burst,
With many a Nigromanticke mumbling spell,
I feare you not, nor all your friends that fell
With Lucifer: ye damned dogs that durst
Deuise that thundring treason most accurst,
Whose like before was neuer hatchd in hell:
Halfe men, halfe deuils, who neuer dreamd of good,
To you from faire and sweetly sliding Thames,
A popomasticke Sculler war proclaines,
As to the suckers of imperiall blood.
An Anti-Iesuit Sculler with his pen,
Defies your Babell Beast, and all his den.

I. T.

Epigram 2.

Rooine, now approaches thy confusion,
Thy Anti-Christian Kingdome downe must tumble,
Like Nimrods proud cloud-pearing Babilon,
Thy hell-hatchd pride, despight thy heart must humble.
In scorne of dambd equiuocation,
My lines like thunder through thy Regions rumble.

B 2

Downe

THE SCUNTER.

Downe in the dust must lye thy painted glory,
For now I rōwe and write thy tragicke story.

Epigram 3.

VVhen God had all things out of nothing fram'd,
And man had named all things that are nam'd:
God shewed to man the way he should behaue him,
What ill would dam him, or what good would saue him.
All Creatures that the world did then containe,
Were all made subiects to mans Lordly raigne.
Faire Paradice was princely A D A M S walke,
Where God himselfe did often with him talke:
At which the Angels, enuious and proud,
Striu'd to ascend aboue the highest c^rowd:
And with the mighty God to make compare,
And of his glory to haue greatest share:
Because they saw Gods loue to man so great,
They striud to throw their maker from his seat.
But he, whose power is All-sufficient,
Did headlong hurle them from Heauens battlement:
And for with enuious pride they so did swell,
They lost Heauens glory for the paines of Hell.
In all this time man liuing at his ease,
His wife nor he not knowing to displease
Their glorious maker, till the sonne of night
Full fraught with rage, and poyson bursting spight,
Finding alone, our antient Grandam E V E,
With false perswasions makes her to beleue,
If she would eat the fruit she was forbidden,
She should Gods secrets know, were from her hidde,
Supposing all was true, the Serpent told,
They both to A D A M straightway did vnfold,
This treacherous horrid vile soule-killing treason,
And he ambitious, past the bounds of reason,
(To his posterities sole detriment)
Doth to the Woman and the Fiend consent.

Yet

Yet Adam neuer had the Deuill obayd,
 Had he not had the waman for his ayd.
 Loe thus the sex that God made, man to cherish,
 Was by the Deuill intic'te to cause him perish.
 Sathan supposing he had wonne the field,
 (In making man to his obedience yeeld)
 Poore Adam now in corps and minde deiected,
 From head to foote with shamefull sinne infected:
 Is now a slau to sinne, the Deuill, and death,
 Dreading the danger of th'almighties wrath.
 From Eden banisht, from Gods presence thrust,
 And all the earth being for his crime accurst:
 Opprest with griefe and ielife consuming care,
 Being at the brim of bottoleles dispaire.
 Yet God in mercy thinking of his frailty,
 Though sinnefull man to him had broken fealty,
 Did promise he would send his onely Sonne,
 To satisfye for faults by man misdone.
 At last he came, in his appoynted time,
 And on his faultles shoulders tooke our crime:
 And like a malefactor death he fufferd;
 And once for all, himselfe himselfe hath offerd.
 And yet the Deuill will not be satisfide,
 (Although the Sonne of God for sinners dide)
 But dayly hellish damned enterprises,
 His ministers and he gainst man devises,
 Vnder the shelter of Religions cloake,
 Seditiously he doth the world prouoke,
 Gaint God in trayturous maner to rebell,
 To amplifie his euerlasting hell,
 Attempting mankinde still by fraud or force,
 His soule from his redeemer to diuorce:
 And yet not man alone must feele his sting,
 But he dares venter on our heauenly King,
 Whose power, though Sathan knowes is euerlasting,
 Yet after forty dayes and nights long fasting,

THE SEVENTH

Thinking him weake, attempts now to inuade him,
And with illusions seeking to perswade him:
Carries our Sauiour vp vnto a hill,
And told him if he would obey his will,
In adoration to fall downe before him,
He of this worlds great glory would so store him,
That he should Lord and Master be of all,
If he in reuerence would before him fall.
Christ knowing him to be the roote of euill,
With God-like power commaunds, auoyd thou deuills
Tis wris, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,
But serue and feare the fury of his rod.
Sathan perceiuing all his labour lost,
Runnes through the world more swifter then a post:
Proclaimes large kingdome, and a tryple Crowne,
To him that in his reuerence would fall downe.
Ambitious thirst of fickle fading fame,
Did quickely mindes of worldly men inflame:
Making them dreame on pleasures transitory,
And to esteeme earths pompe aboue heauens glory.
This made the Pope, with poysnous pride infusde,
To accept those honors Christ before refusde:
Now hath he wonne great fame, on this condition,
That fore the deuill he fall in base submission:
So hating won this great magnificence,
To countermaund the earths circumference:
The Idiot World he proudly ouer-swayes,
Vnder the name of heauens immortall Kayes,
Ore all the Globe he raignes as Lord & King,
And to Hells Goate-folde aye doth millions bring
Of soules, seduc'd with buzzard blinded zeale,
From men besotted he doth honor steale.
And yet with his effrontit shambles face,
Seemes to commaund the Deuill that gaue him place.
A haynous fault in my dull vnderstanding,
The seruant o're his Lord should be commanding:

aid

But

The Scourie.

But yet I thinke tis but for pollicy,
More to encrease th' infernall monarchy :
He seeines to hate the Deuill, he most doth serue,
Else would the wold from Romes obedience swerue,
And I caue the Pope and papists in the lurch,
And then might Sathan whistle for a Church.
The Ile of Brittaïne hath perceiu'd their tricks,
And in rebellion gainst the Pope she kicks :
For whome they haue inuented hell-hatcht plots,
Quite to extirp the English and the Scots.
I wot not which of Rome or hell roard lowder,
But they had like t'haue peperd vs with powder.
Yea all estates from Scepter to the Clowne
Should topsie turuy all be tumbled downe.
Without respect of person, sex, or age,
All had their doome, t' abide the Romane rage.
But he that by his sacred selfe had sworne,
To guard his Church, did laugh them all to scorne :
For when those vassels of eternall night,
Thought all secure, then God brought all to light,
Casting their painted glory in the dust,
That any power besides his power doth trust :
Leauing their Corps a prey for Crowes and Kites,
That brauely so for Signior Sathan fights.
But in this matter Ile no longer trauell,
Least want of water make my Ship to grauell :
Knowing theres many wits offarre more worth,
That to the life hath limid this treason forth :
But Ile conclude as I hegan before,
Because that Christ would not the Deuill adore,
Christ lost this glorious worldly pompous raigne,
Which happy losse the haples Pope did gaine.

Epigram 4.

How weakely is that weake Religion grounded,
That thinks the Church on Peters corps is founded?

The

The spouse of Christ is built on faiths firme rocke,
Which not the fury of hells direfull shock,

Math. 16. Though all the fiends in tropes doe her assaile,
If the corps of Yet against Gods power their force cannot preuaile.
Peter de the Peters confessing Christ Gods true begotten,
Churches foun dation, as the Is sure the Churches ground, but Peter's rotten.
Papists faine, Or else if Peter neuer had had life,
the how shold Through want of him Christ neuer had had wife,
the spouse of For tis an Article of faith profound,
our Sauiour haue done if To know St. Peter for the Churches ground.
the Apostle And who denies it shall haue fire and rope,
Peter had ne. Beleeue me Reader or goe aske the Pope,
uer ben borne But yet I muse in what place of this earth,
Gods Church did stand before Saint Peters birth?

Epigram 5.

When as our Sauiour to the Temple went,
To tell the message that his father sent :
And finding there a rude vnruly rout,
That bought and sold : he angry, beat them out,
And ouerthrew their tressels and their tables,
And made them packe away with all their bables :
And further sayd (what all true hearts beleue)
This house was made for prayer, no den for theeues.
Those marchants thus whipt from their market place,
Practisid reuenge against Christ for this disgrace.
And more, to strength their power, ioynd with the Pop.
Who by his lawles lawes hath giuen them scope,
That in the Church they still should buy and sell
Both God and deuill, Heauen, Purgatory, Hell.
Now heeres the ods, Christ out the Pedlars thrust,
And stayd himselfe there, preaching what was iust.
And for reuenge the hawty Romane Priest,
Hath tane the Pedlars in, and thrust out Christ,

Epi-

The Sculler.

Epigram 6.

IT is a question farre beyond my Logick,
How those that haue the Popedome won by Magick,
Can be Liefetenants vnto Christ our Sauiour,
Being knowne for hell-hounds of most dambd behauour
Then since the deuill hath the Pope created,
His Vicar must he be that there him seated:
Twould make a wiser head then mine to muse,
That God should like the man the Deuill doth chuse.

Tis more th^e
I can beleue
that the Deuile
hath power to
elect a Officer
for God.

Being of the
Deuils placing
or displacing,
the Pope must
needs bee the
Deuils deputy
& not Christe

Epigram 7.

A Prouerb old, where had the Deuill the Fryer?
Where had the Deuill the Frier but where he was?
The Deuill with the Frier, sits in the quire,
The Fryer with the Deuill sayes and sings Masse:
The Deuill and the Frier are nere asunder,
The Fryer to hate the Deuill is more then wonder.

Epigram 8.

COnferring with a Romish Pharise,
Who voyd of grace maintaind this heresy,
That he the law of God had neuer broken,
Nor neuer ill had done, nor ill had spoken.
I gaue his Antichristian faith the lye,
And told him that for him Christ did not dye.
For he did suffer onely for their sinne,
Who were insnared in the deuills Iynne.
And as for him that neuer had transgrest,
Twere good to hang him now hee's at the best.

I my selfe did
talk with such
afellow, and if
occasion serue
I can produce
him.

Epigram 9.

IT is an Art beyond the worke of Nature,
The Pope shoulde be Creator, and a creature:
Betwixt the Pope and God there's one thing od,
For though God all things made, the Pope makes God.

Tis a rare
piece of work
for the pot to
make the Pop-
per.

C

Epi-

The Scyller,

Epigram 10

If the devil be true to his seruants, these Others like that way, others like another, two principle axioms will to the end of the worlde, helpe the Pa. Amongst the rest the Romane Catholike, pists at a dead lift,

R eligion's scatter'd into diuers sects, One likes one way for many sound respects, And what likes t'one, is loathed by the tother, Yet each man deemes his own opinions right, And each against other beares inated spight. Who scornes that his Religion sayle should strike

To any, since from it two vertues springs, That they may eat their God, and kill their Kings : By which maine maximes they doe strongly hope, To the worlds Period to vphold the Pope.

Epigram 11.

Tis reason a Shepheard should rule Rome because a Shepheard did build it: & it stands by great reason, the Pope shold be of awoluish nature, because a woife was nurse to his first predeces- for Romulus.

I T is no wonder though Romes regall sway, Is by a Shepheard ruld with Lordly fame ; For antient records truly doth display ; How *Romulus* the Shepheard built the same : And how his brother *Remus* and himselfe, In *Tybers* ruthles waues, ydrencht and duckt, When infant misery was all their pelfe, A rauening wolfe, most mother-like they suckt : From whome doth spring as from a flowing gulfe, Romes Priest, and Prince, a Shepheard, and a Wolfe.

Epigram 12.

Thogh al the scriptures doe affirme that Christ is in heades, whence hee in his bodily forme, till hee

T Vmuiteous thoughts within my breast doth strugge, To thinke how finely popish Priests can iuggle : And make the world beleue, a wafer Cake Is that Creator that did all things make : presence of Or that the sinne-polluted bald-crownd Priest, With coniurations, can create his Christ, When our beliefe doth plainly testify, He sits at Gods right hand in maiesty, comes to the generall judgement : yet a shaueling Priest will dayly

From

The Sculler.

From whence in humane forme he will not come,
Till quicke and dead shall all abide his dome.
What fooles are they then thinkes the priest & Baker,
With impious hands makes their immortall maker.

take vpon
him to com-
m aund him
dovvne, and to
joggle him in-
to the shape of
a cake or a
piece of bread.

Epigram 13.

Not all the sophistry of Aristotle,
Cannot perswade me but the Pope did erre,
When he and's sonne mistooke the poysned bottle,
Twas error sure what euer they inferre.
O't had bene good then, both for him and's heire,
He had bene halterd fast in Peters Chayre.

Alexander the
6. and his sonne
Caesar Borgius
were both poy-
soned with am-
staking their li-
cor. But if his
holines had ben
in Peterschayre
hee could not
haue erred in
such a matter.

Epigram 14.

The warlike Emperors before Christ come,
Subdude the world, both sea & land to Roime.
Then afterwards the Heauen, their Bishops wonne,
By preaching truly Gods immortall sonne.
Heauen, Earth, and Sea, being taken in the prime,
What rests now for the Popes this latter tyme?
Since of the heauens and earth they loose their part,
They will haue hell despight the deuils hart.

Heauen, Earth,
Sea and land,
being all wonne
before these lat-
ter times by the
Emperors and
the godly Bi-
shop, There re-
maines only hell
for the Pope to
make a lawfull
claim unto,

Epigram 15.

Christ's Church in no wayes is the Church of Rome,
For Paul sayes, in the latter times should come
Apostats th at the truth should quite forsake,
That lyes and fables should Religion make:
Affirming meats and matrimony euill,
Which Paul doth call the doctrine of the deuill.
Then since the Pope and all his shaueling rout,
What Christ commaunds they wilfully thrust out,
I with my betters must conclude this dooine,
The Deuils deere drab must be the Church of Romc.

That Church
that is so oposite
to the doctrine of
Christ, cannot
be Christ's wife
but the deuils
vhore.

The Sculler.

Epigram 16.

God made Heauen, the Earth, & the Sea, and all things contayned in them: the Pope made Purgatory without Gods leaue or knowle dge: there-fore tis no reason that God should have any thing to do therewithout the Popes leaue. **O** Yes, if any man would know a place, Where God himselfe hath neither power nor might, Where words, nor swords can neither talke nor fight. O such a placeles place is Purgatory, Created by the Pope without Gods leaue, To amplify his Antichristian glory, And all the world with cunning to deceave, Where as the Pope hangs, drawes, condemnes, & judges, Commits, acquits, sets free, or casts in thrall, Whether he thousands sends, on heapes like drudges, For in this no place, he is all in all: And like a mighty thre-crownd priestly Prince, With threats and bans he so the world bewitches: In sending thither and recalling thence, He gaines himselfe the Deuill and all for ritches.

Epigram 17.

His holynes domineeres ouer all the deuils in this life, crowed ware, for they paye him all his old score when he dies, & comes to Plutoes host. **T** He Pope hath charge of heauens immortall keyes, And triple-headed Cerberus obeys, His triple Crowne, and who so ere he please, He fends to hell for paine, or heauen for ease. He can commaund the Angells and the Fiends, What pleases them for him or for his friends, Like as a dog doth feare a flitch of bacon, So his great name, Heauen, Earth, and Hell hath shaken.

Epigram 18.

VV Ho dares affirme the Popes of Rome are *Proud*, Amongst the Heretickes himselfe must shroud: Or who dares say they're giuen to *Auarice*, In selling heauen and hell for summes of price? **Or**

The Sculler.

Or who dares speake such words of trechery,
To say the Pope is giuen to *Letchery*?
Or who is he, dares be so impious,
To say his holynes is *Enuious*?
Or who, for feare of euerlasting scath,
Dares once accuse his holynes of *Wrath*?
Or who is he that dares once verefy,
The Pope doth vse excessiue *Gluttony*?
Or who dares say that like a droane or moath,
Like an vnpreaching Priest he liues by *Sloth*?
He that against him this dares iustifie,
Is a plaine Protestant, and such am I.

Seauen goodly vertues, naturally engraffed in his hellich holynes.

Epigram 19.

May it be calld intollerable pride,
For man to sit in the Almighties seate?
Or on mens shoulders pomposly to ride,
To terrifie the World with thundring threate?
To weare a three-pilde Crowne vpon his head?
To haue both Kings and Princes at his beck?
Whose Horse by mighty Potentates is led,
Who proudly footes vpon the Emperors necke?
If trickes like these for pride may be alloud,
Then I conclude the Pope must needs be proud.

His holynes
neuer learned
this of Christ,
noryet of Pe-
ter,

Epigram 20.

Ifit be couetous for grapple gaine,
To sell the Heauens, the Earth, yea God himselfe,
To dispossesse Kings from their lawfull raigne,
To cram his coffers with vnlawfull pelfe.
To pardon sinnes for money, more then pitty:
Nay more, to pardon sinnes that are to come:
To maintaine whores, & Stewes in Towne and Citty:
Who yearely payes the Pope a countles sum,
Who takes great interest, puts great sums to vse,
Tis couetousnes I thinke without excuse.

If you will
know the price
of sinne, any
ordinary priest
can tell you as
well as Tom
Tapster can
tell a peny is
the price of a
pot of ale.

The Sculler.

Epigram 21.

Why may not his holines haue
as much priuilege as a beast? Or is not Letchery an Epithite,
for a beast may lawfully ingen-
der with his owne kiored, and
the Pope is calld a beast in many
places of the Bible.

IS it not bruitish sensuall appetite,
The Sire to make a Strumpet of his Childe?
For him that hath his fathers bed defilde?
For him that hath defloured Virginity?
That hath defilde the Damsell and the Dam
Without respect of Consanginity?
That like a Wolfe hath spoylid both Ewe and Lamb?
This may be teairnd incestuous Luxury,
And yet his Holynes not wrongd thereby.

Epigram 22.

It is too true
that the Pope
enuying the glo-
ry of other Prin-
cesses, hath by fraud
or force gotten
all the earthly
glory to himself.
Pope Stephen the
6. caused the
dead body of his
predecessor: For-
mosus to be dig-
ged vp, & to be
cut & mangled,
& cast into the
Riuue: Tyber.

HE like a God that gouernes in the world,
That Envy each mans honor but his owne:
He that sedition through the earth hath hurld,
Whose Envy hath great Kingdomes ouer throwne.
He that vngraues his foe that's once intombd,
For Envy that he wrongd him whilst he liu'd,
And after death is Enviously doombd,
To be ofliuelles fenceles limes depriu'd.
If this be true none will deny I hope,
That Envy is ingrafted in the Pope.

Epigram 23.

Those that re-
mēber the pow-
der treason can
tell if I lie or
not, besides ma-
ny boorable mur-
thers committed
by Popes, which
are extant in ma-
ny learned Au-
thors of their
owne fact.

HE whose fierce wrath with bloody rage doth swell,
That takes delight in slaughtring Gods elect:
He that is sworne the Champion of Hell,
That Wrath and Murder onely doth effect:
He whose combustious all deuowring ire,
Depopulates and layes whole Empires waste,
Whose Wrath like a consuming quenchles fire,
Hath blessed peace from Christendome displac'te.
If I should need one, skild in wrath and murther,
His Holynes commaunds me ieeke no further.

Epi-

The Sculler.

Epigram 24.

W^Ho dares for *Gluttony* the Pope accuse,
Or gainst voluptuous dyet make's complaints?
His Holynes so many Fasts doth vse,
As Lents, and fasting dayes, and Ecues of Saints:
Yet where *Pride*, *Lust*, and *Avarice* are found,
Heart gnawing *Envy*, and fell murdering *Wrath*,
There rauenous *Gluttony* must needs abound,
Else other vices will be out of breath.
For Papists fasts are generally more deare,
Then feasts of Protestants with all their cheare.

Epigram 25.

T^Hose *Liberall Sciences, in number seauen,
Began with *Pride*, and ends with drowsie *Sloth* :
Yet Christ's commaund vnto th' Apostles giuen,
Was *feede my Sheepe* that faith in them haue growth.
Now I suppose the feeding of Christ's flocke,
Is truly preaching of his facred word,
Which word's the Key that opes the heauenly *Locke*,
Which *Sword and Word his Holynes doth hoord.
Which drawn, cuts his throat and the Deuills both,
For feare of which he lets it sleepe in sloath.

The beliefe of a Romish Catholike. Epig. 26.

I Doe beleue the holy Pope of Rome,
Is Lord of Scriptures, Fathers, Church and all :
Of Counsells, of the world, whose dreadfull doome,
Can at his pleasure make all rise, or fall.
I doe beleue though God forbids the same,
That I should worship Images, and Saints :
I hope by mine owne workes I Heauen may claime,
In tongues vnowne, I must make prayers and plaints.
I doe believe Christ's body made of bread,
And may be eaten by Dogs, Cats, or Mice,

It is a pittifull
pining glutonus
fast, to restraine
flesh & eate all
manner of fish, &
other delicates,
which they caute
to swim in their
bellies with the
strongest wine,
which makes his
Holynes & al his
crew, to look as
leane as so many
Brawnes, stye'd
vp against Christ
mas.

* I meane the 7.
deadly sinnes.

* His Holynes
knowes if hee
should feede the
Sheepe of Christ
with such foodie
as he comanded,
they would
soone finde out
his knauery.

* If the Pope
should suffer
this sword to be
drawne, it wold
cut his throat, &
his Mr. both.

I wold wiste
that this were
not so, but I acted
not stand long
in periwading
men to believe it
for their owne
Authors wile testifying this & 100
times more.

Yet

The Sculler.

Yet is a sacrifice for quicke and dead,
And may be bought and sold for rated price.

I thinke as you think,
what thinke
you?
I further doe beleue the Pope our Lord,
Can at his pleasure all my sinnes forgiue.
I do beleue at his commaunding word,
Subiects must Kings of liues & lands depriue,
Like as the Church belieues so I belieue:
By which I hope the heauens I shall atchieue.

Epigram 27.

Like as the Vipers birth's his mothers bane,
So the Popes Full, hath bene the Emperors Wane:
The Empires Autumne was the popish Spring,
And Kings subiection made the Pope a King.
Then did his holines become a God,
When Princes children like, gan feare his rod.
Whilst earthly potentates their owne did hold
The Popes then shepheard like did keep their fold,
And fore the sacred truth should be o'recome,
They manfully would suffer martyrdome.
But farewell Martyrs now, and welcome Miters,
For painful Preachers now, contentius fighters
With blood or gold assends the papall chaire,
Vnder the title of St. Peter heire.
I thinke if truth were brought vnto a tryall,
The Pope is heire to Peter in denyall.
But want of penitence proclaimes him base,
A Bastard, not of Peters blessed race,
Vnles when Christ did call th' Apostle deuill,
Hee's bastard to the good, and heire to th' euill.

Epigram 28.

Me thinkes I heare a swarne of Romanists,
Reuile and curse, with candle booke, and bell:
Yea all the poleshorne crew of Antichrists,
Condemnes me all without remorse to hell.

Bug

But I with resolution so doe arme me,
Their blessings doe no good, nor cursings harme me.

Epigram 29.

I That haue rowed from Tyber vnto Thames,
Not with a Sculler, but with Scull and Braines:
If none will pay my fare, the more their shames,
I am not first vnpaid that hath tane paines.
Yet Ile be bold if payment be delayd,
To say and sweare your Sculler is not payd.

To his aproproued good friend Mr. Robert Branthewayt.

D Eere friend to thee I owe a countles debt,
Which though I euer pay, will nere be payd:
Tis not base coyne, subiect to cankers fret,
If so, in time my debt would be defrayd.
But this my debt, I would haue all men knowe,
Is loue: the more I pay, the more I owe. *I. T.*

To his well esteemed friend Mr. Maximilian Waad.

V VIt, Learning, Honesty, and all good parts,
Hath so possest thy body, and thy minde,
That curteously thou stealst away mens harts,
Yet against thy theft theres neuer none repinde.
My heart, that is my greatest worldly pelfe,
Shall euer be for thee as for my selfe. *I. T.*

To my friend Mr. William Sherman.

T Hou that in idle adulating words,
Canst neuer please the humors of these dayes,
That greatest works with sinallest speach affords,
Whose wit the rules of wisdomes lore obayes.
In few words then, I wish that thou maist be,
As well belou'd of all men as of me.

FINIS.

I. T.

D

... *Leucania obliqua* (Walker) *Leucania obliqua* (Walker) *Leucania obliqua* (Walker)

•Q• 4707013

...and I am ready to confess that I have not yet
written all that I have to say, and I do not know when I
will have time to do so, but I will do my best to
make up for it as soon as I can.

• 17.11.1911. Librairie des livres d'occasion de l'Université de Toulouse. Catalogue des ouvrages de la bibliothèque de l'Université de Toulouse. Toulouse, 1911.



Epigram 1.

All you that stedfastly doe fixe your eyes,
Upon this idle issue of my braine,
Who voyd of any intricate disguise,
Discribes my meaning rusticall and plaine.
My Muse like *Sisiphus* with toylsome trade,
Is euer working, yet hath neuer done,
Though from the Romish Sea she well gan wade,
Yet is her labour as twere new begun.
For hauing at the Papists had a fling,
Great Brittaines vice, or Vertucs now I sing.

Epigram 2.

Then cause I will not hug my selfe in sinne,
First with my selfe I meane for to begin.
Confessing that in me theres nothing good:
My vaines are full of sin-poluted blood,
Which al my corps infects with hel-borne crimes,
Which make my actions lawles like these tiimes,
That had I power according to my will,
My faults would make compare with any ill.
But yet I muse at Poets now adayes,
That each mans vice so sharply will dispraise:
Like as the Kite doth ore the carrion houer,
So their owne faults, with other mens they couer.
Cause you shall deeme my iudgement to be iust,
Amongst the guilty, I cry guilty first.

Epigram 3.

Gladnes that selfe conceyted critticke foole,
Upon my Epigrams doth looke a scaunt,

The Sculler.

And bids me put my barren wit to schoole,
And I in anger bid the Asse auaunt.
For till some better thing by him is pend,
I bid him falt not that he cannot mend.

Epigram 4.

A Skilfull Painter such rare pictures drew,
That euery man his workmanship admird :
So neere the life, in beauty, forme, and hue,
As if dead Art, gainst Nature had conspirde.
Painter saies one, thy wife's a pretty woman,
I muse such ill shapt Children thou hast got,
Yet makest such Pictures as their like makes no man,
I prethee tell the cause of this thy lot?
Quoth he, I paint by day when it is light,
And get my Children in the darke at night.

Epigram 5.

V Nlearned Azo, a store of booke hath bought,
Because a learned Scoller heele be thought :
I counselfd him that had of booke such store,
To buy Pipes, Lutes, the Violl and Bandore,
And then his musicke and his learnings share,
Being both alike, with either might compare.

Epigram 6.

Faire Betrice tucks her coates vp somewhat hie,
Her pretty Leg and Foot cause men should spie :
Saies one you haue a handsome Leg sweet Ducke,
I haue two (quoth she) or els I had hard lucke :
There's two indeed, I thinke th'are twinnes (quoth he)
They are, and are not, honest friend (quoth she)
Their birth was both at once I dare be sworne,
But yet betweene them both a man was borne.

Epi-

The Sculler.

Epigram 7.

T He way to make a Welch-man thirst for blisse,
L And say his prayers daily on his knees :
'Is to perswade him that most certaine tis,
The Moone is made of nothing but greene Cheeſe.
And heele desire of God no greater boone.
But place in heauen to feede vpon the Moone.

Epigram 8.

A Gallant Lasse from out her window ſaw
A gentleman whose nose in length exceeded:
Hir boundles will, not lymited by law,
Imagin'd he had what ſhe greatly needed.
To ſpeake with him ſhe kindly doth entreat,
Desiring him to cleare her darke ſuppoſe :
Suppoſing euery thing was made compleate,
And corespondent equall to his nose.
But finding ſhort where ſhe exſpected long,
She ſigh'd, and ſaid, O nose thou didſt me wrong.

Epigram 9.

Y Oung Sr. John Puckfoyst, and his new made madam,
I Forgetts they were the off ſpring of old Adam:
I'm ſure tis not for wit, nor man-like fight,
His worthles worship late was dubd a knight.
Some are made great for wealth, and ſome for wit,
And ſome for valour doe attaine to it :
And ſome for neither valour, witt nor wealth,
But ſtolne opinion, purchafe it by stealth.

Epigram 10.

O Ne tolde me flattrey was exilde the ſtate,
O And pride and luſt at Court were out of date,
How vertue did from thence all vice purſue,
Tis newcs (quoth I) too good for to be true.

Epigram 12.

HE that doth beate his braines, and tire his witt,
In hope thereby to please the multitude
As soone may ride a horse without a bitt,
Aboue the Moone, or sunnes high Altitude.
Then neither flattery, nor the hope of pelfe,
Hath made me write, but for to please my selfe.

Epigram 12.

ARustick swaine was cleauing of a block,
And hum he Cryes at euery pondrous knock,
His wife saies, husband wherfore hum you so?
Quoth he it makes the wedge in further goe.
When day was don, and drowsie night was come,
Being both in bed at play, she bids him hum,
Good wife (quoth he) entreat me hum no more,
For when I hum I cleave, but now I bore.

Epigram 13.

VHEN Caualero Hot-shott goes with Oares,
Zoun's Rowe ye Rogs, ye lazy knaues make hast,
A noyse of Fidlers, and a brace of whores,
At Lambeth stayes for me to breake their fast.
He thats so hott for's wench ere he coine nie her,
Being at her once I doubt heele be a fier.

Epigram 14.

IT was my chaunce once in my furious moode,
To call my neighbours wife an arrant who re,
But she most stily on her credit stood,
Swearing that sory I should be thereso re,
Her husband vnderstanding of the case,
Protested he would sue me for a slander,
When straight I prou'd it to his forked face,
He was a knaue, a cuckold and a Pander.

O ho

The Sculler.

O ho (quoth he) good neighbor say no mo,
I know my wife lets out her buggle bo.

Epigram 15.

THe Law hangs Theeues for their vnlawfull stealing,
The Law carts Bawds, for keeping of the dore,
The Law doth punish Rogues, for roguish dealing,
The Law whips both the Pander and the whore,
But yet I muse from whence this Law is growne,
Whores must not steale nor yet must vse their owne.

Epigram 16.

Old *Fabian* by extortion and by stealth,
Hath got a huge masse of ill gotten wealth,
For which he giues God daily thankes and praise,
When twas the Deuill that did his fortune's raire.
Then since the getting of thy goods were euill,
Th'ast reason to be thankfull to the deuill,
Who very largely hath increast thy muck,
And sent thein Miser *Midaes* golden luck.
Then thanke not God for he hath helpt thee least,
But thanke the Deuill that hath thy pelfe increast.

Epigram 17.

VV Hat matter ist, how men their dayes do spend,
So good report doe on their deaths attend :
Though in thy former life thou nere didst good,
But mad'st Religion for thy faults a hood,
And all blacke sinnes were harbourd in thy breast,
And tooke thy Conscience for their natvie nest :
Yet at thy buriall for a noble price,
Shalt haue a Sermon made, shall hide thy vice.
A threed-bare Parson shall thy prayse out-powre,
And in the expiration of an howre,
Will make the world thy honesty applaud,
And to thy passed life become a Baud.

The Sculler.

Our Christian brother heere lyes dead (quoth he)
Who was the patterne of true Charity :
No Drunkard, Whoremonger, nor no vile swearer,
No greedy Vsurer, nor no Rent-rearer.
O deare beloued his example take,
And thus an end at this time doe I make.
Thus Mr. Parson nobly spends his breath,
To make a Villaine honest after death.
And for one noble, freely he affoords,
Much more then twenty shillings-worth of words.

Epigram 18.

Lord who would take him for a pippin squire,
That's so bedawb'd with lace and rich attire ?
Can the dambd windefalls of base bawdery,
Maintaine the slauie in this imbrodery?
No maruaile Vertue's at so lowe a price,
When men knowes better how to thriue by Vice.

Epigram 19.

All Bradoes oathes are new-found eloquence,
As though they sprung from learned sapience :
He sweares by swift-pac'd *Titans* fiery Car,
By *Marses* Launce, the fearefull God of warre,
By *Cupids* Bowe, *Mercuries* charming Rod,
By *Baccus* Diety, that drunken God.
By grimfacde *Pluto*, and *Aurorus* Caues,
By *Eolus* blasts, and *Nptunes* raging waues,
By his sweet Mistris bright translucent eies,
All other Oathes his Humour doth despise.

Epigram 20.

Signeor *Serano*, to and fro doth range,
And at high noone he visits the Exchange :
With stately gate the peopled Burse he stalkes,
Prying for some acquaintance in those walkes.

Which

The Sculler.

Which if he spie, note but his strange salute,
Marke how heele spread to shew his broaking sute,
When he perhaps that towde this cast apparell,
Not a fortnight since at Tyburne fought a quarell.

Epigram 21.

Old Grubsons Sonne a stripling of good age,
Twill make one laugh to see him and his Page,
Like to a garded Vrchin walkes the streetes,
Looking for reuerence of each one he meetes:
Eagles must honour Owles, and Lyons Apes,
And wise men worship fooles for farre fetcht shapes.

Epigram 22.

Great Captaine Sharke doth wonderfully muse,
How he shall spend the day that next ensues :
Theres no Play to be plaid but he hath seene,
At all the Theaters he oft hath beene:
And seene the rise of Clownes, and fall of Kings,
Which to his humor no contentment brings.
And for he scornes to see a Play past twice:
Heele spend the time with his sweet Cockatrice.

Epigram 23.

ACompleat Gallant that hath gone as farre,
That with his hands from Skies hath pluckt a Starre:
And saw bright Phœbus when he did take Coach,
And Luna when her Throane she did approach:
And talkt with Iupiter and Mercury,
With Vulcan and the Queene of Letchery,
And saw the net the stumpfoot Blackesinith made,
Wherein fell Mars and Venus was betraide,
With thousand other sights he saw in Skies :
Who dares affirme it that this gallant lyes ?
I counsell all that either hate or loue him,
Rather beleue him then to goe disproue him.

The Sculler.

Epigram 24.

DRUSUS his portion gallantly hath spent,
What though? he did it to a good entent.
Vnto a wise man it seemes neuer strange,
That men should put their mony to exchange.
Nay then I see he was a subtil Fox,
What had he for't I pray? sweet Sir the Pox.
I doe not like his bargaine: why, wherefore?
His mony still wan'd lesse, his pox wax more.
He need not now feare wafting of his stocks,
Spend what he can he nere shall want the pox.

Epigram 25.

NEAT Master Scapethrift railes against all riet,
Commending much a temperate sparing diet:
What though he hath bene prodigall and wilde,
Those idle fancies now he hath exilde:
What though he hath bene frequent with excessse
Of Dice, of Drabs, and drowsie Drunkennes,
Yet now hee's changd sir, he is not the man,
The case is alterd now from what twas than:
The Prologue of his wealth did teach him spend,
And tis the Epilogue that makes him mend.

Epigram 26.

AGREEDY Chuffe once being warnd in poste,
To make appearance at the Court of Hell:
Where grisly *Pluto* hotly rules the roste:
And being summond by the passing Bell,
With heapes of Golde he would haue bribed Death,
But he disayning bribes, depriu'd his breath,

Epigram 27.

DOCTOR Donzago one of wondrous learning,
And in Astronomy exceeding cunning:
Of

The Sculler.

Of things thats past and comming, hees discerning,
His minde on Prophesies is euer running,
Of Comets, Meteors, Apparitions,
Of Prodigies, and exhalations,
Of Planets, natures, and conditions,
And of the spheares great calculations,
Yet want of one skill, all his cunning smothers,
Who lies most with his wife himselfe or others ?

Epigram 28.

Braue Bragadocio whome the world would threaten,
Was lately with a fagot sticke sore beaten :
Wherefore in kindenes now my Muse must weepe,
Because his resolution was a sleepe.

Epigram 29.

Walking along the streetes the other day,
A ragged Soldier crost me on the way ;
And though my Purse lyning was but scant,
Yet somewhat I bestowd to ease his want.
For which he kindly thankt me with his hart,
And tooke his leaue and friendiy we did part.
When straight mine eyes a Horse and Footcloth spide,
Upon whose backe in pompous state did ride,
One, whome I thought was Deputy to Jove,
Yet not this Soldiers wants could pitty moue,
But with disdainefull lookes and tearmes of scorne,
Commaunds him trauell whether he was borne.
Twill almost make a puritane to sweare,
To see an Asses Horse a Cloake to weare,
When Christians must goe naked bare and thinne.
Wanting apparrell t'hide their mangled skinne.
Vaine world vnto thy Chaos turne agen,
Since bruitish beasts are more esteem'd then men.

The Sculler.

Epigram 30.

Liefetenant Puffe from Cleaueland is returnd,
Where entring of a Breach was sorely burnd:
And from Reuenge heele neuer be perswaded,
Till the lowe Countries he hath quite inuaded.
When his hot wrath makes Netherlands to smoake,
Hees bound for Deepe in Fraunce, with irefull stroake.
But haue a care in these hot warres of Fraunce:
Least in a pocky heat you spoyle your Launce.

Epigram 31.

A Loue-sicke Woer would a Sonnet write,
In praise of her that was his hearts delight:
Hoping thereby his wished loue to winne,
And to attaine it, thus he did begin.
Starre of the Earth, and Empresse of my Soule,
My Loue and Life, that doth my thoughts controule:
Sole Queene of my affections, and desire,
That like to *Aetna* sets my heart on fire.
Thy golden Lockes, resembling brightest Amber,
Most fit to grace some mighty Monarkes Chamber:
Thine eyes ecclipsing *Titan* in his rysing,
Thy Face surpassing Natures best devising.
Thy Lips Euaporates most sweete perfumes,
Thy Voyce the Musicke of the Spheares assumes.
Perfection wounds more then Loues Shaft and Bowe,
Thy red the Rose doth shaine, thy white the snowe,
Thou Worlds wonder, Natures dearest Iewell,
Staine not thy Vertues, with thy being cruell.
O thou that art my Soules adored Saint!
Be penetrable to my woes complaint.
Thus the poore Bull-finck spends the day in moanes,
The night he wafts in deepe heart-gnawing groanes,
For a most filthy vgly odious Whore,
On whome he spends his substance and his store.

Deyi-

The Sculler,
Deuising millions of egregious lyes,
To raise his Punckes foule feature to the skyes.

Epigram 32.

Looke how yon Letchers Legs are worne away
With haunting of the Whore-house euery day:
He knowes more greasy Panders, Bauds, & Drabs,
And eats more Lobsters, Artichockes, and Crabs,
Blew roasted Egges, Potatoes, Muskadine,
Oysters, and pith that growes i' th Oxes Chine:
With many Drugs, Compounds, and Simples store,
Which makes him haue a stomacke to a Whore.
But one day heele giue ore, when tis too late,
When he stands begging through an iron grate.

Epigram 33.

Light fingerd *Francis* begging in the Iayle,
Did chance to see a friend of his passe by,
Thinking his lamentations would preuaile,
And that some coyne would froin his bounty fly .
Those antient friends, one thrall, and tother free,
One hungry, lowfy, ragged, and forlorne:
The tother fat with prodigallity,
Makes him thisanswere mixt with pride and scorne,
What *Franck* (quoth he)art there for Ale and Cake?
Why how the Deuill comes this luckles crosse?
Faith Sir (quoth *Franck*) your Mastership mistakes,
For I am heere for stealing of a Horse.
Troth I mistooke indeed, and so didst thou,
For at this time I haue no mony now.

Epigram 34.

Mounsieur *Luxurio* hath bene with a Puncke,
Whereby his Worships purse is shrowdly shrunke.
And now for penance of his former ryet,
With good Duke *Humphry* he must take his dyet.

The Sculler.

Thus with a crosseles purse and meatles maw,
I judge his case quite past the helpe of Law.

Epigram 35.

Here chanst to meet together in an Inne,
Foute men that thought that lying was no sinne,
The first an old man was in age well enter'd,
The next a traueller that farre had venter'd,
The third a Poet in prose and verse attir'd,
The fourth a Painter for his art admir'd :
These foure striued each other to excell,
Who should in lying beare away the Bell :
The old mansaid that when he was a boy,
To lift nine hundred waight was but a toy,
To iump in plaine ground thirty foote at least:
Then was accounted but an idle iest.
The Traueller replide that he had seene,
The King of Piginies and the Fairy Queene :
And bene where triple-headed Cerberus,
Did guard the sulphrus gate of Erebus.
The Poet he had bene at Helicon,
And rakte from embers of obliuion,
Olde Saturnes downefall, and Iones royall rysing,
With thouſaud fictions of his wits deuising.
And for the Painter scornes to come behinde,
He paints a flying Horse, a golden Hinde.
A Sagitary, and a grim wilde man,
A two-neckt Eagle, and a cole-blacke swan.
Now Reader tell me which of those fower Lyers,
Doth best deserue the whetstone of their hyers.

Epigram 36.

Hough Death do Vsurers of life deprive,
Yet their extorcions euer shall furuiue.

The Sculler.

Epigram 37.

Miraculos wonders in the Brittish clime,
Monsters of Nature, sprung from putred slime.
Sampson that puld the Gates of Gaza downe,
Nor Libian *Hercules* whose furious frownes,
Would mase strong Giants, tame the Lyons rage,
Were not so strong as Gallants of this age :
Why you shall see an vpstart Corkebraind Iacke,
Will beare fие hundred Akers at his backe,
And walke as stoutly as it were no load,
And beare it to each place of his aboad,
Men of such strength I iudge it necessary,
That none but such should Porters burdens carry.

Epigram 38.

For Gods loue tell what gallant Gull is that,
With the great Feather, and the Beauer Hat?
O now I know, his name is Mounsieur *Shift*,
Great Cosin german to Sir *Cutbert Theft*,
All his reuenues still he beares about him,
Whorehouse, nor Ordinaries neuer are without him.
False Dice, sharp Knife, and nimble nimming fingers,
Are his sworne Subiects, and his tribute bringers.
Thus doth he swagger, sharke,steale, fitch, and quarrell,
Vntill the hanginans wardrop keepes his parrel.

Epigram 39.

A famous house in poasting hast is built,
A gallant Porch with Pillars all beguilt,
Braue lofty Chimnies, pitty to defile them,
Pray make no fire, for the smoake will soyle them.

Epigram 40.

A worthy Knight there is of antient fame,
And sweet Sir reverence men doe call his name :

By

The Sculler.

By whose industrious pollicie and wit,
Theres many things well tane, were else vnsit ;
If to a fowle discourse thou hast pretence,
Before thy foule words name Sir *reuerence*.
Thy beastly tale most pleasantly will slip,
And gaine the praise when thou deserust the Whip.
Theres nothing vile that can be done or spoake,
But must be couerd with Sir *reuerence* Cloake.
His antient pedegree who euer seekes,
Shall finde hees sprung from mongst the gallant Greekes.
Was *Ajax* Squire, great Champion to God *Mars*:
Pray God Sir *Reuerence* blesse your Worships ()

Epigram 41.

Hunting is all this Gentleman's delight,
Yet out of Towne his Worship neuer rides :
He hunts inuisible and out of sight,
For in the Citty still his game abides.
He hunts no Lyon, Tygre, nor the Bore,
Nor Bucke, nor Stagge, nor Hart, nor Hinde, nor Hare,
But all his sport's in hunting of a whore,
And in the Chase no trauell he will spare.
He hath one Dog for hunting of the Cunny,
Worth a whole kennell of your flapmouthd Hounds,
He will not part with him for any mony,
But yet the Curre will course beyond his bounds.
But I aduise him to respect his lot,
Least too much heating make him pocky hot.

Epigram 42.

Falling a sleepe, and sleeping in a dreame,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with Milke & Creame,
I saw a Rat vpon an Essex Cheese
Dismounted by a Cambrian clad in Freeze.
To bid his Worship eat I had no need,
For like a Sericant he began to feed.

The Sculler.

Epigram 43.

A French and English man at dinner sate,
And neither understanding others prate,
The Frenchman sayes, *mange proface Monsieur,*
The Englishman begins to storme and sweare;
By all the Deuills, and the Deuills dams,
He was not mangie but ith wrists and hams.

Epigram 44.

A Dead dead bargaine is a quicke quicke wife,
A quicke wife lycs ore long vpon ones hands,
But for a dead wife that hath lost her life
A man may soone vtter then his lands.
This Riddle greatly doth amaze my head,
That dead thingēs should be quick, and quick things dead.
Loe then Ile make an outcry wondrous strange,
If death doe any wife of life deprive:
Ile giue her husband coyne to boote and change,
And for his dead wife one that is aliue;
Besides, Ile pay the buriall and the feast,
And take my wife againe when shēes deceast.

Epigram 45.

Omus sits mumming like an Anticke Elfe,
Hates others good nor doth no good himselfe.

Epigram 46.

R eader, if anything this Booke did cost,
Thou needst not deigne thy coyne and labor lost:
Twill serue thee well Tobacco for to dry,
Or when thou talkſt with mother Anthony.
Twill serue for Muckenders for want of better,
So farewell Reader, I remaine thy detter.

F

Satire

wOH

The Sculler.

Satire.

THOU that hast cuer bene a rouing Theefe,
A diuing Cutpurse, or a periurd Slave,
And in all villany hast bene the Chiefe,
And with a brafен brow canſt iustice braue,
That ſtealſt thy pedegree from antient houses,
And ietſt in broaking Satin every day :
That takſt delight in ſtabbing and Carowſes,
Not caring how thou letſt thy looſe life stray.
Thou that haſt bene a Traytor to thy Prince,
A great Arch-villaine to thy natuie ſoyle,
And wouldſt by treachery exile from thence,
The bleſſed peace hath bene procuraud with toyle.
Thou that haſt bene a Machiuilian
For damned ſlights, conceits, and pollicy:
Thou that haſt bene an Antichristian,
Or Scylinaticke with blitiſed heretie.
If any of theſe vile iniuiities,
Haue bene the Axioins of thy paſſed life ;
Then view the Roles of old antiquities,
And ſee goods got with falſhood, lost with ſtrife.
There ſhalt thou ſee how Iuſtice euermore,
Hath poyz'd the Ballance, and upheld the Sword,
How Grauitie inspirde with Wiſdomes lore,
Hath Vertue honord, and foule Vice abhord.
How Treafon hath bene ſeuerd lim from lim,
How Theft and Murder there haue paid their hire :
How thoſe that eft in worldly poinpe did ſwim,
Haue ſoyld their fortunes in diſgraces mire.
How Periury hath forſeited his eares,
How Cheating ſmoaketh on the Pillory,
How graccles impudentis, that nothing feares,
Doe end their dayes in loathed miſery.
How Viſury is plagued with the Gowt,
How Auarice complaigneth of the ſtone :
How guilty Conſciences are ſtill in dout,

How

The Sculler.

How Enuy gnawes on Honor to the bone.
How Letchery is laden with the pox,
How Prodigallity doth end with woe :
How Panderisme is headed like an Ox,
Because the destinies apoynt it so.
How drunckenes is with the dropsie fraught,
And made his visage like a fiery Commet,
Who being full must leaue the tother draught,
Till like a Swine he wallow in his vomitiet:
How dambd hipocrisie with faigned zeale,
And outward shew of painted holynes :
(Doth like a Canker eat the publike weale)
All scornefull pride, yet seemes all lowlynes.
To thee that readst this, therefore be it knowyne,
If any of those vices are immurde
Within thy heart, not to the World yet showne :
If by this reading thou maist be allurde,
To turne thy tide of life another way,
And to amendment all thy thoughts incline :
And to thy rebell will no more obay,
But seeke by vertuous actions to combine
Fame to thy friends, and terror to thy foe,
And say twas friendly counsell told thee so.

Satire.

This childish Anticke, doating pie-bald world,
Through which the Deuill, all blacke sins hath hurld :
Hath hene so long by wickednes prest downe,
From the freeſe Plow-swaine to th'Imperiall Crownes
We haue so long in vice accustoimd bin,
That nothing that is wicked lookes like sin.
The glistening Courtier in his gaudy tire,
Scornes with his heeles to know his russet Sire.
The pettifogging Lawyer cramines vp Crownes,
From hobnayld Boores, and sheepeskin country Clownes
The gaping, greedy, gryping Vlurer,
The sonne of Hell, and Sathan's treasurer :

The Scaller.

The base extorting blacheould bribing Broaker,
The bane of Mankinde and his Countries choaker.
The helhownd whelpes, the shoulde-clapping Serient,
That cares not to vndoe the world forl Argent.
The postknight that will sweare away his soule,
Though for the same, the law his eares doe powle.
The smoaky black-lungd pust Tobacconist,
Whose ioy doth in Tobacco sole consist.
The chollericke Gull that's tangled with a Drab,
And in her quarrell will his father stab.
The baudy dry boand letcherous Baboone,
Would faine repent, hut thinkes it is too soone.
The ryming Iygmonger would be a Poet,
But that the Rascall hath not wit to showit.
The wrinkled Bawd, and dambd Vermillian whore,
That buyes and sells the poxt increase their store.
The greasy cauesdropping dore-keeping Pander,
That with a Puncke to any man will wänder.
The conycatching shifter itales most briefe,
And when hees hangd heele cease to be a thiefe.
The drowsie Drunkard, will carowse and quasse,
Till like a Hog he tumble in his drasse.
Besides, theres diuers other helborne sinnes:
As some great men are wrapt in Misers skinnes,
For feare of whose dislike Ille hold me still,
And not bumbast them with my Ganders quill.
Consider with thy selfe good Reader then,
That heere thou liu'st amongst those wickedmen,
Who on this earthly stage together keepe,
Like maggots in a putrified sheepe.
Whose damned dealings blacke confusion brings,
By the iust iudgement of the King of Kings.

Pastorall Equinocks, or a Shepheards complaint.

I That haue trac'd the mountaines vp and downe,
And pipte and chantered Songs and pleasant layes:

The

The Sculler.

The whilſt my flokes haue friskt it on the downe,
Now blinded loue my ſportiuſe pleaſures layes.
I that ou greeny grasse could lay me do wne,
And ſleepe as ſoundly as on beds of downe.

I then was free from loues all wounding blowe,
My Ewes and Lambs then merrily could folde:
I carde not then which way the winde did blowe,
Nor had I cauſe with griefe my armes to folde,
I feard not Winters froſt, nor Summers ſonne,
And then was I a happy mothers ſonne.

I then could haunt the Market and the Faire,
And in a frolickē humor leape and ſpring:
Till ſhe whose beauty did ſurpaſſe all faire,
Did with her froſty niceſſes nip my Spring.
Then I alas, alas vnhappy I,
Was made a captiuſe to her ſcornefull eie.

VVhen loue's fell ſhaft within my breast did light,
Then did my Cock-horſe pleaſures all a light,
Loues fiery flames ecclipsed all my light,
And ſhe vnkinde, weyde all my woes to light.
O then my merry dayes away did hie,
VVken I ſo lowe did dote on one ſo hie.

Her beauty, which did make Loues Queene a Crowe,
VVhoſe white did shame the Lilly, red the Roſe.
VVhen Phœbus messenger the Cocke did crowe,
Each morne when from hia Antipods he roſe.
Despight of gates, and barres, and bolts, and lockes,
Heed kiffe her face, and guild her golden lockes.
VVhich makes my reſt, like thoſe that reſtles be,
Like one that's hard purſude, and cannot flye:
Or like the busie buzzing humming Bee,
Or like the fruitles nought reſpected Flye.
That cuts the ſubtil ayre ſo ſwift and fast,
Till in the Spiders web hee's tangled fast.

The Sculler.

As blustering *Boreas* rends the losty Pyne,
So her vinkindenes rends and reaues my heart;
I weepe, I waile, I sigh, I grone, I pine,
I inward bleed as doth the wounded Hart.
She that alone should onely wish me well,
Hath drownd my ioyes in sorrowes ioyles well.

The ruthles Tyger, and the sauage Beare,
All Beasts and Birds of prey that haunt the wood,
In my lamentes doe seeime some part to beare,
But onely She whose feature makes me wood,
As barbing *Autumne* robs the trees of leaues:
Her stormelike scorne me voyd of comfort leaues.

No Castle, Fort, no Rampier, or strong Hold,
But Loue will enter without Law or Leauue :
For where affections force hath taken hold,
There lawles loue will such impression leauue,
That Gods, nor men, nor fier, earth, water, winde,
From Loues straight lawes can neither turne nor wind.

Then since my haples haps falls out so hard,
Since all the fates on me their anger powre :
Since my lamentes and moanes cannot be heard,
And she on me shewes her commaunding power.
What then remaines, but I dissolute in teares,
Since her disdaines my heart in pieces teares.

Dye then sad heart in sorrowes prison pend,
Dye face thats cullord with a deadly dye:
Dye hand that in her praise hath Poems pend,
Hart, Face, and Hand, haples and helplles dye.
Thou Serieant Death, that rests and tak'st no bale,
Tis onely thou must ease my bitter bale.

This said, he sighd, and fell into a sownd,
That all the Hills, and Groues, and neigbouring Plaines,
The Ecchoes of his groanings seemd to sound,
With repercussion of his dying plaines.

And

The Sculler.

And where in life he scorned counsell graue,
Now in his death he rests him in his graue.

Epitaph.

H EERE lies ingrau'd whose life fell death did sacke,
Who to his graue was brought vpon a Beere:
For whome let all men euer mourne in Sacke
Or else remember him in Ale or Beere.
He who in life Loues blinded God did lead,
Now in his death lies heere as cold as Lead.

Sonnet: In trust lies treason.

T He fowlest friends assumes the fairest formes,
The fairest Fields doth feed the fowlest Toad:
The Sea at calyn' it most subiect is to stormes,
In choysest fruit the canker makes aboad.
So in the shape of all belieuing trust,
Lyes toad inuenomd treason cooched close,
Till like a storne his trothles thoughts out burst,
Who canker-like had laine in trusts repose.
For as the fire within the flint confinde,
In deepest Ocean still vnquencht remaines:
Euen so the false though truest seeming minde,
Despight of truth the treason still retaines.
Yet maugre treason trust deserueth trust,
And trust suruiues when treason dies accurst.

Death with the four Elements.

T Wo Infant-twinnes a Sister and a Brother,
When out of dores was gone their carefull Sire,
And left his babes in keeping with their mother,
Who merrily sate singing by the fire.
Who hauing fill'd a tub with water warme,
She bathd her girle (O ruthles tale to tell)
The whilst she thought the other safe from harme,
(Vnluckily) into the fire he fell:
VVhich she perceiuing lets her daughter drowne,
And rashly ran to saue her burning sonne.

VVhich

The Sculler.

Which finding dead, she hastily casts downe,
And all agast, doth to the water runne :
Where seeing tother was depriud of breath,
She gainst the earth falls downe and dasnt her braines :
Her Husband comes and sees this worke of death,
And desperate hangs himselfe to ease his paines.
Thus death with all the elements conspire,
To reauemans life; Earth, Water, Aire, and Fire.

Epilogue.

God Reader, if my barshe vnlerned rimes,
(Wherewith my Muse hath whipt these heedles times).
Hath pleasd thy pallat with their true endeaour :
She then will thinke herselfe most fortunate,
And shall heere after be importunate.
Her selfe in better labors to perseuer.
I speake not to those ignorant Jacke-dawes,
That with their Canker-biting enuious iawes,
Will seeme to staine my Muses innocence,
But in all humblenes I yeeld to those,
Who are detracting Ignorances foes :
And loues the labors of each good pretence.
Dislike and scorne may chance my Booke to smotter,
But kinde acceptance brings forth such another.

You that the Sculler right doth understand,
Hees very glad you're safely come to land.
But if that any inarling manlike Monster,
His honest meaning wrongfully misconster:
To such waight despit, he sends this word,
From Booke and Boat heele hurle them ouer boord.

FINIS.



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